

Bartholomew-Fair:

To the Public.

RAMBLE

TO

SMITHFIELD.

POEM

In Imitation of MILTON.

L O N D O N:

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Bartholomew Fair

To the Publisher.

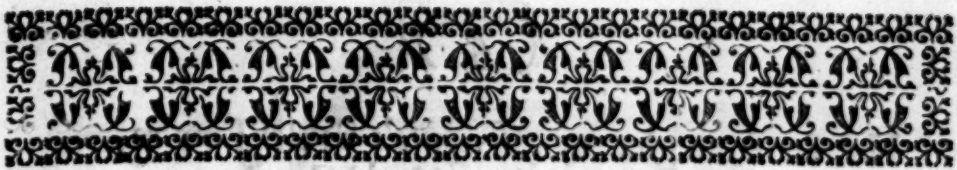
SIR,

THE Town has been often diverted with a very indifferent Poem when publish'd at a proper Season. But setting that aside, there are such Strokes of uncommon Humour in the following Lines, that I think neither you nor I need much fear their taking: as they seem to be calculated for the Entertainment of Lawyers Clerks in general, who are a numerous Race, you need not fear but the first Edition will go off amongst them. I believe this is the only Imitation of Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling, which is so great a Master-piece in its kind. If you think fit to publish it, 'tis intirely at your Service; if not, please to return it by the Penny-Post to

Your Unknown Humble Servant,

J. B.

(Price Three Pence)



Bartholomew-Fair.

*Be patient, Good Neighbours, and hear
What I shall unfold you anon,
A Trip to Bartholomew-Fair,
By Nathaniel, Thomas and John.*

SCARCE had the Burning *Phæbus* roll'd his Carr
Down to the Margen of the Western Skies,
Nor had the Hour of Liberty approach'd
Wish'd by the Turnkeys Flock, and Hackney Scribes,
E'er *Scrivener* and *Scowler* (creations as yet
Unknown to Fame, but Treasur'd in my Lines)
Shall stand confest to Ages yet unborn.

Prickt with a keen Impatience, up they furl
Long Scrolls of Parchment, and their Pens dismiss,
Rest undisturbed in their Sable Sockets.
Then issuing forth, they jostle obvious Crowds,
Disdain the Chance of *Shuffle-Board*, nor stay
To cheapen Fruits, the Blessings of *Pomona*,
Till they have found a Third to share their Fortunes,
By Men *Scribleros* call'd, a doughty Hero.

Thus met, a Pause ensu'd, till *Scrowler* first
With Phiz of antient Guise, and Form antique,
Broke Silence-----

Arise my Friends, nor here inglorious stay,
Forget a while the aking Thoughts of Thraldom,
And search, advent'rous, for the Gifts of Pleasure.

B

Not

Not far from gloomy *Newgate's* Sable Tow'rs,
 Where Iron-Bars enclose imprison'd Captives,
 There lies a wide extended Plain, yclept
Smithfield, well known to *Castor's* wary Sons.
 'Tis now the Time of general Rendezvous,
 From garter'd Knights to the ungarter'd Shoe-Boy,
 To taste the Pleasure that the Fair affords;
 Let's there agree to go. ----- So said, so done,
 They fally forth with mutual Consent.

But (Muse) pass o'er the various Shocks they met,
 The Pavements Jostles, and the Kennels Dirt,
 Till thou shalt view them safe arriv'd in *Smithfield*.

Here various Objects strike their ravish'd Senses,
 The Eyes, the Ears, the Nose, the Taste, the Touch;
 Here curling Smokes in od'rous Volumes rise,
 At once informing both their Eyes and Nose,
 That some more fav'rite Sense be gratify'd,
 Thither they press intent ----- So a rancid Hound,
 When in the Morning Dew his subtle Nose
 Has catcht the chearing Scent, he onward scours
 With Voice elate, while every obvious Breeze
 Informs his liquorish Jaws of sweet Repast.
 Our Heroes view the Iron-Vessels fraught
 With fat Libations, which the hungry Jaws
 Of Mortal Wights devour, but, like the Gods,
 Content with Heads reclin'd, they snuff the Steam.

Here a long Visto opens to the View,
 Stor'd with the glittering Wares of *Birmingham*,
 There Shoals of Oysters (Food delicious) lie,
 Which, fresh, inforce the *English* Husband's Vigour,
 Impow'r th' *Hybernian* Hero to discharge
 His frequent Duty to his Patroness,
 And, tainted, gratifie the *Gallick* Taste.

Mean

Mean while the Trumpets Clangor, and the Drums,
 Fill the wide Welkin with their Martial Airs,
 While Bagpipes, Fiddles, Salt-Box, Kettle-Drums,
 Shaums, Jews-Trumps, Tabors, Whistles, Rattles, all
 Join their discordant Notes to fill the Choir.

Modell'd by *Pallas* Aid, large Structures raise
 Their Wooden Fabricks, lin'd with num'rous Crouds,
 Expectant of the Shews to be perform'd;
 While, to amuse the gaping Crouds without,
 Heroes and Heroines, and Demi-Gods,
 (Apparell'd in the Mode that Poets feign)
 Mounted aloft in long Ovation Stalk.

Others, with em'lous Care to please the Mob,
 (Sole Umpire) on a slacken'd Cord expose
 A pendent Youth, whose agil Limbs amaze
 Spectators; pleas'd to see how well our Race
 Reprizals make on *Pug's* audacious Son,
 By mimicking of them, as they do us.

Some distance mounted on a Stage appear
 The well-known *Peachum*, *Lockitt* and *Mackbeath*.
 Here Nature, more than Art, has fram'd the Men
 Really to personate the Characters.
 Here *Scribler* spoke, Behold (my Friends) these Men
 Will not deceive your Senses, you may read
 Rogue, Knave and Robber in their Faces plain;
 For in the Entertainments of the Stage,
 We learn they act the best who're fram'd by Nature.

But whilom as the pious *Trojan* Prince
 Was nought avail'd by Wisdom, Arts or Arms,
 To gain Admittance to the Shades below,
 Had not the Golden Bough spoke stronger Terms
 Than could be utter'd by the Goddess' Son.
 So here no Worth, no Excellence commands

Admittance

Admittance for the Heroes of my Song,
 Till Regal Face imprest on glittering Oar,
 From Silent, but Expressive Lips, commands
 Unquestion'd Entrance. In they go jocund
 From loftiest Eminence survey the Crowd,
 Look down upon the Powder'd Dons below,
 And hug themselves, well pleas'd with cheap Ambition.

Anon the envious Curtain's drawn, and Lo
 The Actors now advance upon the Stage ;
 When brave *Mackbeath* recites his Feats of Honour,
 What Bosom beats not in his glorious Cause ?
 What tender Maid can view his soft Amours,
 And not begrudge his *Polly* of the Blifs ?
 When *Polly* chants with uncouth Notes her Moan,
 What Youth that pities not her soft Distress ?
 None but the rigid Criticks will enquire,
 Why such sincere and constant Passion's plac'd
 On such a scoundrel Villain as *Mackbeath*,
 Senseless of Gratitude, and ~~and~~ *Polly* urge
 That *Newgate*'s horrid Gloom, and Iron Grates,
 Yield but an Aukward Scene for soft Desires.
 When poor *Mackbeath*'s betray'd, the Audience kind
 Bemoan his luckless hap, so well has *Gay*
 Temper'd the Moving Scene, that ugly Vice,
 Ingratitude, and Lust engage our Favour.

The Candles now burn low, the City-Dame
 Has quite exhausted all her Cordial-Vial,
 The Beau with Pleasure on his Tatler views
 Th' approaching Moment of his Affignation,
 Patient our Heroes sit, till loud Huzza's
 At once bring the Reprieve for glad *Mackbeath*,
 And them dismiss, who steer their Courses home.

F I N I S.